

COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

VOL. XVI. No. 12.] LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1809. [Price 1s.

" 'Twas at the feast for Talavera won,
 " By Well'sley's warlike son:
 " Aloft in City state,
 " The swelling hero sat
 " On his *Viscountal* Throne;
 " The *Jees* and *Speculators* plac'd around,
 " Their brows with *Loans*, with *Jobs*, and *Contracts* bound,
 " So should the *love of pelf* be crown'd."

STATESMAN.

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SUMMARY OF POLITICS.

TALAVERA'S CAMPAIGN and the JUBILEE.
 —The combination of these transactions has been admirably delineated, in several articles in that excellent evening newspaper, the STATESMAN, from one of which articles I have selected my motto. I do not believe, that the boasting, the bragg- ing, the inflated self-gratulation and com- mendation, of the Talavera Campaign, were equalled by any thing of the sort that ever took place in consequence of the campaigns of Alexander the Great.—It is of great consequence to us, that we should have the history of this Campaign very complete. At page 373 of the pre- sent Volume, we brought this history down to the 21st of August, when our Baron of the Douro wrote, from Truxillo, that letter, of which our ministers gave us an extract, and which extract was inserted at page 363.—It will be remembered, that, on the 3d of August, our Baron quitted Talavera, in order to go in search of somebody to fight with; in order to do "the business" of Soult "effectually" and "without a contest." We have seen, that, some how or other, he did not do any "business" at all with Soult; but left Soult on one side of the Tagus, while he went across to the other in order to "take up a position." We have now some accounts, through the *Moniteur*, touching this mat- ter; and, if we are determined not to be- lieve any thing circulated through that channel; that is to say, if we are deter- mined not to believe any thing, which does not flatter our vanity or disguise our shame, it may not be amiss for us just to take a look at what the rest of the world will believe.—Let us, however, before we make this extract from the *Moniteur*, go back a little into the history of the Cam- paign.—FIRST,—On the 28th and 29th of July our Baron, with scarcely any as-

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sistance from the Spaniards, "*vanquished*" (to use the language of the King's "GENE- RAL ORDERS"); yes, "*vanquished*" the French, under Marshal Victor (Duke of Belluno), at Talavera.—SECOND,—Our Baron, owing to the fatigue of his army and want of provisions, did not pursue the "*vanquished*" enemy one inch; and, the Spaniards, though they had not been en- gaged, did not make the smallest attempt to pursue that enemy.—THIRD,—Our Baron, on the 3d of August, resolves to quit Talavera, to take the road towards Portugal, and to leave at Talavera his nu- merous sick and wounded, under the care of the Spanish General Cuesta, but, before he sets out, having reason to fear that Cu- esta might not be able to maintain himself at Talavera against Victor (the "*van- quished*" Victor), our Baron has a con- versation (which he puts into writing) with a Spanish General second or third in command, whom he presses, in case of danger, to get all the carts he can, ready to carry away the English sick and wounded.—FOURTH,—Our Baron has the choice given him by Cuesta, to go or to stay, and he chooses to go, though he states, that he had reason to fear, that Cu- esta would be unable to maintain his posi- tion at the place where he was leaving him.—FIFTH,—The reason our Baron gives for leaving Talavera at all, and for choosing to go while Cuesta remained, is, that Soult was advancing from Placentia towards the right bank of the Tagus; and that, as it was of great importance to go and do his "business" as quickly as pos- sible, our Baron chose to go on that errand, because he and his army were more likely "to do the business effectu- ally" and without a contest.—SIXTH,—Cuesta, finding the "*vanquished*" Vic- tor in movement upon his flank and front, did not remain many hours at Talavera, after the departure of our Baron; but, in fact,

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overtook him before he was able to get at the *sought-after* Soult.—SEVENTH,—Our Baron now, when one would have expected to hear of his “doing the business *effectually*,” finds that, for various weighty reasons, arising from sundry unforeseen occurrences, it will be better not to go on to meet Soult, and to “do the business *effectually*,” upon the right bank of the Tagus, but, on the contrary, to go across to the left bank of the Tagus, at the first bridge he can come at, and then to get on *towards Portugal*, where he hopes to be supplied with whatever he shall want.—EIGHTH,—Our Baron informs us, that he did get across the said Tagus; that he was immediately followed by Cuesta; and that, on the 7th of August, Cuesta's advanced guard was attacked by the French, who drove that guard off and took all its cannon.—NINTH,—We find him at Truxillo, on the 21st of August, “falling back upon the frontiers of Portugal, “where he hopes to be supplied with every “thing he wants,” never having met Soult, in search of whom he quitted Talavera, leaving his sick and wounded behind him; never having made any attack upon the enemy; and, of course, never having “done “the *business effectually*,” nor, indeed, ever having even *begun* to do it at all.—Now, then, let us hear the *Moniteur*, of the 30th of August; let us now hear what *others* say about this latter part of the Talavera Campaign, and what it is possible, at least, the world will be so ill-natured as to believe.

—“While the English, after *exposing* “their allies to all the disadvantages of a “pursuit, placed themselves in security against “events, the Spaniards imagined that they “could cover their retreat if they took a “position at the bridge of Arzobispo. The “fifth corps passed the Tagus, partly by a “ford, and partly by the bridge, overthrew “all before them, and took 30 pieces of “cannon, with the powder waggons. “When the Marshal the Duke of Treviso “saw the enemy's army fly before him, “he was satisfied with sending some detachments after it, who every moment “bring in stragglers, deserters, and prisoners. Some HANOVERIAN deserters left “the English army on the 8th ten leagues from “the frontiers of Portugal, to which they “are retreating by the way of Badajoz. “That army is leaving every where its “baggage, artillery, and sick behind: it is “generally believed that its destination “is Lisbon, in order to embark the troops “there. Meanwhile they plunder on their “route, and the enraged peasants murder

“all who fall into their hands.”—This conduct of the peasants is but too much like what was reported of them during the retreat of Sir John Moore's army, when, as the reader will recollect, the French hanged some of them for having murdered our people.—The truth is, that, during a *hasty retreat*, it is next to impossible, if not completely impossible, to prevent plunder and other provoking conduct on the part of the troops; and, the natural consequence is, acts of vengeance on the part of the unfortunate, the ruined, and half-maddened people, who, when they come athwart defenceless plunderers, cannot be expected to spare them, however imperious the necessity, which has made these latter do injury to the enraged parties. “Hunger,” says the proverb, “will break through “stone walls;” but, hunger is as potent with the wretch, who is robbed of his dinner, as it is with those who rob him. Both are objects of *pity*, while *blame*, in fact, if it alight justly any where, settles upon the heads of those only, who have made them the robbers and murderers of each other.

—It is truly lamentable, however, to contemplate the probability, and, indeed (if we believe this statement of the *Moniteur*), the fact, of our army's dropping of its baggage, its artillery, and its sick, on the way; leaving these latter, at best, to the mercy of a people, who, there is every reason to suppose, must feel enraged at our army, and that, too, from causes for which, in this immediate case, no blame can be attached, probably, to either the army or its commander. Our Baron tells us, that he is in *distress for provisions*; and we know what *must* be the consequence of that. He had told us before, that he took with him *some thousands of sick and wounded*. We know, that a retreat so encumbered must be terrible in its exactions upon the people of the country. It is not difficult to imagine how such a retreat would be felt across the counties of Hants, Wilts, Dorset, Devon and Cornwall, from *Alton* to *Penzance*. What, then, must be the effect of a similar retreat in a country, like that, over which our unfortunate army had to pass? Here it would inevitably produce general distress and a good deal of ruin; but, *there*, where the wretched people have scarcely ever any store of provisions to draw upon, and where the population is so thin as to render the whole stock of the country so trifling in amount, the retreat of a considerable army, unsupplied with provisions, must, if we in-

clude the unavoidable waste, produce general famine and despair. Away it sweeps not only all the human sustenance, but the hay, the straw, the horses, the mules, every animal, (whether for its flesh or its labour) at all useful; and, in short, it yields, in its destructive effects, to nothing short of one of those tornadoes, which sweep away every substance standing upon the face of the earth.—Of the *desertion of the Hanoverians* my readers will form their own opinions; but, if the fact be correct, I am not at all surprized, that we had only an *extract* from Douro's dispatch of the 21st of August. Upon the subject of desertion we must observe, that, as yet, nothing in the way of contradiction has been said of the two paragraphs, which I inserted in my last, which were very worthy of the attention of the government; for, surely, it was of importance to do away the effect of statements so outrageously degrading to the character of the army, and of the nation.—But, the great point in this article from the *Moniteur* is, that it accuses our Commander of first "*exposing our allies*," and then of "*placing himself and his army in security against events*." That is to say, of *taking the lead in the flight*, and leaving the Spaniards to bear the attacks of the pursuing French. This is the charge which the *Moniteur* prefers against us; and, certain it is, that our army, according to my Lord Talavera's dispatches, are *in front* upon the retreat; or, if you will, in the *advance towards Portugal*. This is not to be denied. We marched from Talavera for the purpose of meeting Soult; we did not meet him; we turned off over the river; we made away for Portugal; and the Spaniards came in our rear; they kept the post nearest the enemy. Say that our Viscount was *compelled* to do this. I hope it will appear so; but, then, I answer, let me not be told of the "*military resource*" of the man, who, not being compelled to advance into Spain, did so advance as to expose himself to this compulsion.—Besides the above article, the *Moniteur* contains two letters, one that of our Baron to the French Commander in behalf of his poor sick and wounded left behind at Talavera, and the other, the Duke of Treviso's answer to that letter.—They ought to be preserved here, especially as there is a passage in the latter, which, in his dispatches home, our Baron appears to have omitted.—The first has no date. It appears to have been sent open, addressed to the French Commander

in Chief.—"Sir; The fate of war has placed in your hands a number of English officers and soldiers. They are brave, and merit the attention and regard of those by whom courage is valued. I have the honour to recommend them to you, and to request that you will permit me to send to Talavera, for the purpose of taking care of them, some officers, who shall not be considered prisoners of war, but be permitted to return when the wounded have somewhat recovered.—I also request your permission to transmit the wounded officers small sums of money, of which they must be very much in want.—It is in the name of humanity I address these requests to you, and I have even a right to make them, since I have always paid particular attention to the French soldiers whom the chance of war has rendered my prisoners, and have even supplied the officers with money."—This letter was delivered to Marshal Mortier (the Duke of Treviso) who sent the following Answer, dated on the 10th of August.—"Sir; I have received the open letter addressed by you to the Commander in Chief, and requesting his attention to the sick and wounded whom you have been under the necessity of leaving behind you. They are treated as our own sick and wounded are, and I have studied to give all possible assistance to those that have fallen into my hands. These, General, are debts which two brave nations owe to each other.—I shall forward your letter to the Commander in Chief, who alone can answer your request to send officers to Talavera, until the sick and wounded be somewhat recovered. *In the mean time I shall do myself the pleasure to supply them with what money they may want.*"—Now, without any desire to impute to the Baron a wilful omission, it is just to observe, that he did not (in the dispatch given to us) make any mention of the last sentence of this letter, and which sentence was, as the reader will see, a most important one. He says, "I received a *very civil* answer from Marshal Mortier, promising that every possible care should be taken, and every attention paid to the British officers and soldiers who were wounded; but stating, that he could not answer upon the other demands contained in my letter, having been obliged to refer them to the Commander in Chief." This is *all true*, but it is not *all* the truth; for Mortier says, though he cannot answer about the suffer-

ing of our Baron to send money to our wounded officers, "*he will do himself the pleasure to supply them with what money they may want.*" This was very important indeed, because, in all probability, the very existence of many of the officers would depend upon a supply of money; and, therefore, were it only for the sake of the relations of those officers, it should not have been omitted, though I am willing to believe that the omission was not wilful.—After reading this letter of Mortier, and duly reflecting upon the situation of so many of our countrymen, now in the hands of the French, it is impossible sufficiently to reprobate the conduct of the hired wretches, who seem, by their falsehoods against the French army in Spain, to wish to whet their knives against the throats of these unfortunate men. They seem to wish that all these poor fellows may be cruelly treated, and may be left to rot on their sick-beds, merely that their sayings may be made good against those, whom they hate only because they are afraid of them.—Leaving these wretches to their labours, which, let us hope, will not produce their intended effect, let us look at the other parts of this famous Campaign, and see what it promises us.—"While these events occurred on the banks of the Tagus, the 4th corps returned to Toledo by the bridge of that town, and the division of Michaud on the same day forced the passage of the river by fording at Anaver Del Tago, which was defended by six battalions and four squadrons of the enemy. On the 10th the troops of the 4th corps formed a junction with the reserve, at Nambroca. On the same day general Vanegas concentrated his army, 30,000 strong, at Almonacid: and on the 11th, the King gave orders to attack him. An action of three hours was sufficient to drive the enemy from this strong position, to route them completely, to take a great part of their artillery, and to occasion them a very serious loss. The enemy left on the field 4,000 dead, and we have made about 4,000 prisoners. We have also taken 35 pieces of artillery, with 100 powder waggons, and 200 other waggons. Several standards are among our trophies. An incredible number of wounded increase the loss of the enemy, who, unable to re-unite, fled in every direction."—Thus is Vanegas disposed of. Then comes an article, under the date of MADRID, 16th of August.

Here we see Joseph Napoleon returning in triumph to that capital, which SIR ROBERT WILSON (good heavens!) was about to enter! Really, it would seem, that we are never again to hear a word of truth! What! that corps whom Ney met and made scamper away into the mountains, was about to enter Madrid in the face of Victor! If we were only suspected to have a grain of sense left, they would never attempt to treat us thus. But, we wish to be deceived; and they know it.—"Yesterday at noon the king returned to this capital, under salutes of artillery. He entered on horseback, at the head of his guards and corps of reserve. His Majesty proceeded to the church of St. Isidor, to be present at the *Te Deum*. When he *prayed*, his Majesty descended from his throne. The church was full of civil and military officers, and common people. After the ceremony his Majesty proceeded, at the head of his troops, to the Palace. In the evening the town was *brilliantly illuminated*."—Oh, aye, to be sure! "*Brilliantly illuminated*," just as our great town will be when the gin-drenched rabble, armed with mud and brick-bats, shall sally forth at the word of command from the Jews and Contractors, and other "Blood-suckers," as Lord Chatham used to call them, who, during the last half-century, have preyed upon the people of England.—Aye, aye; a "*brilliant illumination*;" yes, and *Te Deum* too! All the sham, all the cant, all the hypocrisy, all the baseness, and all the blasphemy, that belongs to such a transaction.—Well, but, come; do you, hirelings of the press; do you, incomparable knaves; do you pretend to say, that, when the people illuminate their houses, they are not pleased? Or, do you say, that they are pleased? Take your choice; for, if you choose the former, then away goes all your proof of English loyalty drawn from such an act; and, if you choose the latter, then you confess that the people of Madrid love their new king, Joseph Napoleon.—The truth is, that the people have no will in the matter. The illumination at Madrid was the act of the government; and, in a less direct way, so will it be in London, the sensible inhabitants of which will, one would think, keep as close to their houses as if a pestilence were raging in the streets, for it is impossible but they should be ashamed to see one another's faces by the help of a light proceeding from such a cause.—Let us hope,

however, that the king (who has certainly as good a right to issue proclamations upon the subject, as the people at Lloyd's have) will be advised to express his disapprobation of a measure, not less insulting to him than to his people. A *Jubilee*, indeed! A proposition for dancing and singing and ringing and rejoicing, while the nation is weeping over the scenes at Talavera and Walcheren! Surely no one having the common feelings of humanity about him could have suggested such a thing! I should like to know the *name* of the individual, who had the heart to conceive, and the face first to mention, first to give an articulate sound, to such an idea. There are a hundred reasons, good and solid, why such a thing should not be; but, if there were no other, the scenes now before us are quite sufficient; the melancholy fate of so many of our countrymen, during this very campaign, to say not a word of the effect which that campaign *must* have upon the character of the nation.—But, reasoning of this sort makes for the thing, instead of against it, with those who have had the impudence to set it on foot. They know very well how improper, how indecent, how unfeeling, how cuttingly insolent it is, towards the people of this country; but, they also know, that they stand in need of something to produce a diversion of the public mind; they know well, that that system upon which they thrive, stands in need of something that shall, for a while, at least, attract the attention of numbers of people, and, which is a great point, serve as a pretence for filling up a considerable portion of the public-prints with something other than accounts of those events, which, *if any thing could do it*, would bring this bewildered nation to its sober senses.—Those, who have taken the lead in this scheme, put forward great pretensions to *loyalty*. This is a word of vast use with all the tribe. It was worth 30,000*l.* at the least farthing, to each of the Dutch COMMISSIONERS, and, perhaps, three or four times that sum to Alexander Davison, whose loyalty was of a nature so exuberant, that it broke out into the forming and clothing, I believe, of a volunteer corps, at his own expence. I used, at first, when I returned to England, to suppose, that *loyalty* meant a real attachment and devotion to the kingly government of the country; but, I found, in the course of about eighteen months, that a pension, a sinecure place, a contract, or a lucrative

job of any sort, was a vivifier of this attachment and devotion.—What has *the king* to do in this scheme? No more than his coach-horses have. Those, who have set it on foot, mean him no compliment. What they wish to do is, first to advance their own pecuniary interests, by getting favour with those, in whose favour such a diversion will operate; and, next, they wish to contribute, by this means, to the propping up of that system upon which they thrive, and which is ruining the rest of the nation.—Let the loyal men, who propose this Jubilee, be told, that, on the day, on which it is held, we shall, in one respect, at least, be restored to the situation, in which we stood at the beginning of the period, which they mean to commemorate; namely, that the promissory notes of the Bank, in Threadneedle Street, shall be paid, on demand, in coin, bearing the image and superscription of the king. Let them be told this, and you will hear them talk no more about a Jubilee. The *premium* (which, through haste, I, in my last, called *discount*) upon the coin of the kingdom, would be fit matter for these wise-aces to take into their consideration; but, is it no impudence unparalleled, while the coin of the country has fled its shores, and while their own paper is made a legal tender, for them to call upon the wretched people to dance and sing?—It would be of great public utility for some one, who has the means of doing it, to make out an accurate List of the names, places of abode, occupation, place, pension, contract, job, or the like, of every one, who has taken, or shall take, an active part, in the palming this thing upon the public. Such a list would be of great use. We should be able, from it, to form a very admirable scale of loyalty; and, the day may come, when it would be of great use in other respects. I hope such a list will be undertaken.—The people of *Warsaw* are about to hold a Jubilee on the birthday of Napoleon. Well, and why not? Is this a proof of his being *hated*, then? Is this a proof of his being a *tyrant*? Is this a proof of his approaching overthrow? Oh, you hirelings, publish any of your brilliant accounts if you dare: we will immediately publish alongside of them, the brilliant accounts of the *loyal* celebrations in honour of the Buonapartés, and we will stand our chance for public opinion. If the people be gulled and cheated out of their senses, their property, and their freedom, it shall not be our fault.—This

Jubilee is connected with the Talavera Campaign inasmuch as those who are the authors of it were the authors of the Ferdinand War; and, when we contemplate the retreat of Sir John Moore and its dismal consequences; when we contemplate the miseries then experienced by our army, whom the Duke of Dalmatia was sent to throw into the sea; when we contemplate a fine army of forty thousand men, so harrassed, worn down, so famished, so bruised and emaciated, as, after having shot their horses and left their sick and exhausted to die by the way, to come tumbling on board of ship in such a way as for no man to know where his officer was, and no officer his men; when we look back, only about eight months, to the manifold miseries of that army, not to mention the disgrace of being chased, like so many hares, by that enemy, whom we had boasted of having humbled; when we contemplate these things, and think of the present situation of another army, fleeing from the same country, though, taking the Spanish army into the account, *superior in numbers* to the French; when we contemplate the crowded hospitals at Talavera, a place whence our general says he could not *advance* for want of *provisions*; when we see him appealing to the *humanity* of the French in behalf of the unfortunate souls in those hospitals, to that humanity which our hirelings assure us is displayed in the *impaling* of women and the *butchering* of children; when we consider the miseries, the disgraces, the expence, to the poor people of Spain as well as to us, then let us always bear in mind, that the real authors of this war were the faction of *Seat Mongers, Jews, and Contractors*, amidst whom it was first officially proclaimed at the Turtle Dinner. How many thousands, how many hundreds of thousands, of innocent people have suffered hunger; how many hundreds of thousands have been literally starved to death, and how many more have been set to cut each others throats, in consequence of the decision proclaimed at that *feast*! When the Seat-mongers, Jews, and Contractors meet to guzzle and to gormandize, let the people tremble; for they are sure to pay the reckoning, and that, too, at a most enormous rate. But, as to our present point, let it always be borne in mind, that the war for Ferdinand VII; that the war of the Cintra Convention; the war of Leon and Galicia, the war of the Corunna retreat; the war of Talavera; let it be always remembered,

that this war was first openly proclaimed at a City Turtle Feast, and that it was hailed by the ever-greedy audience, with that sort of delight, with which a flock of kites and crows hail the dying groans of the horse. This, I trust, we shall remember; and remember, too, that, at this horrible feast, the pensioned poetaster, Fitzgerald, recited a performance, which gave great delight, and in which were represented as "*cannibals*," those very French generals and soldiers, to whose humanity and care our Lord of Talavera has committed so many of our sick and wounded countrymen.—The fact is, that we are now, and long have been, under the oppressive claws, the merciless claws, of those Seat-mongers, Jews, and Contractors. It is to them that we owe the war for Ferdinand; the war in Walcheren; the Expedition after Expedition, in Europe and out of Europe; and, in short, to them we may fairly impute all that mass of misery and disgrace, under which we are now suffering. From them arises the Jubilee; and the object of the Jubilee is to amuse, to divert, the public mind; and, perhaps, it has in view the more malignant purpose of reviving the distinction of *Jacobins* and *Anti-jacobins* by imputing disaffection, and anti-royalty principles, to those who refuse to join in a celebration *professed* to be in honour of *the king*. The *Turtle feast* and all the toasts and songs and cheers and bel-lowings of this greedy crew were profess-ed to be in honour of the *Spanish Deputies*; but, the fact was, it was a settled scheme for the purpose of giving what might seem the sanction of *the whole of the City of London* to a war for Ferdinand and the "*ancien order of things*;" and I have not the smallest doubt, that all the toasts were written out and discussed in divan before hand; and, in short, that all the actors had their parts as much prepared as have the actors in any dramatical piece. The sentiments were to *seem* to flow from the hearts of the people met; but, there is no doubt of the whole having been previously hatched and arranged, down to the very songs and the number of cheers.—The crew assembled upon that occasion, no more spoke the sentiments of the people of London, of *the City of London*, properly so called, than they spoke my sentiments; but, this was the *appearance* that the thing had to many of the people throughout the kingdom, and especially as all possible aid was given to the fraud by the truly "*infernal machine*," the *hireling press*, which

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is, in great part, supported by the crew. Thus it was that this nation, as much in opposition to its opinion as to its interest, was plunged into the war for "Ferdinand VII, and the ancient order of things in Spain;" the consequences of which war we are now lamenting, and this is the moment which the Crew chuses for compelling the people of London and Westminster, upon pain of *smashery*, to illuminate their houses in sign of pleasure and rejoicing!

WALCHEREN EXPEDITION.—We shall, probably, never have a faithful account of the losses, attending this ill-advised undertaking. Some of the news-papers state the number of sick at from 12 to 17 thousand; and, indeed, from the circumstance of so many of the general officers being ill, it is clear, that the *troops* must have suffered severely.—This part of the loss is very serious indeed, especially when we consider what *pain* must have attended the illness. Nothing is so painful to think of as a military hospital, under such circumstances.—As to the *millions* of money that the Expedition has cost, and great part of which has found its way into the pockets of those, who were most loud in their praises of the enterprise, that is an evil, which, sooner or later, will bring its good; and, in the mean while, the nation are very deserving of the pecuniary squeeze. It is quite just. It is thus that its folly and baseness should be punished.—I pretend to have no knowledge whatever of what might have been done upon the Scheldt; but, I must confess, that I see no reason for *any part* of that blame, which so many of the public prints have been labouring to throw upon LORD CHATHAM, who, I would venture my life upon it, was not authorized to stir an inch without orders from home, being within four hours sail of the coast, and within six hours communication with Downing-street. If the thing *was* to be, and *was* to fail, I should have preferred its taking place under a *Pitt*; but, I will not join in throwing blame upon a commander, when I can see no reason for it.—The leading hireling news-paper, the *Morning Post*, began the attack upon Lord Chatham, in the following paragraph of the 2nd instant:—"Contrary to our expectations and predictions, founded upon the wisdom of the project, and the extensive means employed to effect its success, as well as the information we were in the habit of occasionally receiv-

ing from intelligent officers attached to the Expedition, it is with infinite grief we understand that advices were yesterday received from Lord Chatham, stating, that from the information he had received, of the numbers which the enemy had been able to collect for the defence of Antwerp, and the extensive inundations they had effected, his lordship, in concurrence with the opinion of the lieutenant-generals, had decided not to advance from South Beveland against that city; so that the meditated attack upon its arsenal, and the French fleet, is altogether abandoned. Our readers will recollect, that about a fortnight since we expressed the serious apprehensions we felt in respect to the apparent tardiness of the proceedings, and happy shall we be to find that the delay in our operations, which we then foresaw would enable the enemy to collect the means of opposing an effectual resistance to our future efforts, was rendered unavoidable by the untoward circumstances under which our commanders found themselves placed. Never certainly was an enterprise more wisely or judiciously planned, and we cannot dissemble that it rends our heart to contemplate its failure in any particular, satisfied as we are that the most ample means were provided to ensure its complete success. The most formidable and best equipped armament that ever sailed from the shores of Britain, was upwards of a month in the Scheldt, and instead of its projected operations being simultaneously carried into execution, the greatest part of our force remained inactive during the whole of that time in sight of the enemy, who, from the *unfortunate delay*, were enabled, not only to collect numerous corps from various quarters, but effectually to inundate the country to prevent our approach. The contemplation of so unexpected a result, grieves our very soul; nor can our grief be alleviated otherwise than by our Commanders being able to give a satisfactory explanation upon the subject;—this explanation, we trust, they will be able to afford; and resting upon that hope, we shall not attempt to prejudge the question. For the present, we derive some ground of consolation from the prospect, that notwithstanding the abandonment of the enterprize against the fleet and arsenal of the enemy, means may nevertheless be found so to obstruct the navigation of the Scheldt as

“to make that river useless to the enemy. “The possession of Walcheren may enable us to effect this great object, which, “if accomplished, would produce a most “important effect, inasmuch as the enemy’s fleet would thereby become useless, and in a great measure compensate “for the failure of the enterprize against “Antwerp.”—Here we have a palpable attempt to throw all the blame upon the Commander, who, it is plainly enough asserted, might have *gone up the Scheldt* with a part of his force, while the rest was left to take Flushing. This, however, is *bare* assertion. Nothing is offered to us in support of it; either of the nature of fact or of argument. A hypocritical hireling may affect to have his “*heart rended*,” and to be “*grieved to his very soul*,” though, like Hudibras’s Bear, such an animal would more becomingly complain, that it “*grieved him to the guts*,” a profligate hypocrite like this (one of those who aided in the suppression of 22 documents out of 27) may affect to be grieved at what has happened, and may, in order to obtain his villainous pay, accuse the Commander by saying, that our whole force remained employed against Flushing, *instead* of a part being sent forward up the Scheldt, which *unfortunate delay* enabled the enemy to collect troops to defend Antwerp. A prostituted hireling may say this, but, where is the *proof*, that, at *any time*, it would have been safe to enter the Scheldt with an army? Lord Chatham, in one of his dispatches, states explicitly, that the government had given him, or, at least, that he had gone from England with, *false information* as to the state of Antwerp, which instead of being defenceless, was in excellent order for defence; and, are we not to believe it possible, that there was false information in other respects?—When I first heard it hinted, that the armament was intended for the Dutch territories, I could not help exclaiming, “*impossible!*” I did not think it possible for any man to entertain such a project; but, when it became notorious, that an army was intended to be sent *up the Scheldt*, I did believe, that, at last, our *guineas* (who never shew their faces at home) had paved the way for us as far as Antwerp, and never could I have dreamt of any thing so mad, so stupid, so sickening, so nauseously foolish, as to attempt to get to Antwerp *by force of arms*. I made sure, that we had made a *safe bargain*; that the armament was to be a mere measure

of disguise; and that my Lord Chatham was sent out for the express purpose of being made a Marquis. It was not ‘till I heard, that MONNET (with whom, by the bye, our army appear to be very angry) was pelting us with his balls, and that, too, for several days, that I began to suspect any thing of the real state of the case; and, never was I more surprized at any thing in all my life than at the resistance of MONNET, who, of course, I looked upon as having been bought, long before a ship left Margate.—To *deliver* the Spaniards seemed a pretty tough undertaking, and has proved to be such; but, to deliver the Dutch, in spite of their teeth, and their snickersnees, and their dykes and their fortresses, commanded by French Engineers, is, surely, the maddest thing of the two. To deliver the Dutch, by knocking their brains out, in the defenceless island of Walcheren, was no difficult matter, but to push on, in the work of deliverance, up the Scheldt, the banks of which are well known to be bristled with fortresses, the best constructed in Europe; to lay a “*plan*” like this, and to let this *plan* be publickly talked of, for weeks before the *deliverers* sailed! . . . It is impossible to find words wherein fitly to express one’s contempt of it.—This precious plan, too, was, it is said, hatched by the Crew of Jews and Contractors; or, at least, that the intelligence, whence the plan originated, came, through some of them, from their Dutch Jew correspondents, who wished to have a share, doubtless, in the guineas and dollars that such an attempt at *deliverance* would cause to be squandered. This Crew is our bane. Such expeditions are what they love, because they bring them profit. They love war generally, because it brings contracts and jobs; but they are particularly fond of this expedition sort of war; these sudden armaments; these excuses for paying them enormous sums of the public money; for enriching them at the expence of all those who labour or who have estates.—Still, however, it is *the nation’s fault*. There were not a few amongst us, who were foolish enough to believe, or base enough to pretend to believe, that the Dutch were waiting with anxiety for the arrival of our armament; that they were ready to throw themselves into our arms; that they did *so hate* Louis Napoleon, and were *so eager* to get rid of his “*yoke*.” Instead of this, our armament found the Dutch very well disposed to cut our throats

with their long pointed knives, called snickersnees. In short, *every thing*, which was told us upon the subject, was false, and, there can be little doubt, that lord Chatham was deceived as completely as the nation was.—It is, besides, to be observed, that the *fever*, which has created more discontent than every other mishap belonging to the expedition, is not be imputed to the commander; but, it may be, to the *planners* of the enterprize; because *they* ought to have known what sort of climate they were sending the troops to.—It is, perhaps, of little consequence, just at this time, on whose head the blame may alight; but, I think it is for the public good, that people should not be induced, *without sufficient reason*, to throw the blame upon lord Chatham, who, as far as I can see, if he had been another Marlborough, could not have done *much* more than he did; and, there is this further evil attending blame wrongfully thrown upon him, that it tends to screen those, to whom, as *suggesters* and *planners* and *urgers* and *hallooers*, the blame is really due.

JACOBIN GUINEAS.—The phrase "*discount upon guineas*," in my article upon this subject (page 377) was used in a hurry, instead of "*discount upon bank notes in exchange for guineas*."—I am pleased to see, that the philosopher, in the *Morning Chronicle*, and his opponent, in some publication not named by the *Chronicle*, seem disposed to keep up their controversy; because I am quite sure, from what they have already done, that they will do a great deal of good.—*Twenty thousand* of these JACOBINS were, the news-papers tell us, apprehended, the other day, by the police-officers, in a vessel upon the Thames, whence they were just about to set sail to the continent, and, in all likelihood, to Holland or France. But, alas! it is in vain to endeavour to stop them by coercive measures. They will go any whither, rather than remain here to circulate in company with the Thread-needle street money. Besides, *what should they be kept here for?* They have in them a *real value*; and, what should they remain here for, while we have so many shops for the making of money, which has in itself *no real value at all?*—It is folly supreme to suppose, that, in the present state of things, the guineas will remain in England. Suppose I had ten thousand of them, I should let them go with persons who wanted to carry money abroad, be-

cause these persons would give me, perhaps, eleven thousand pounds, in paper-money, for them. Is there any *law* against the emigration of guineas? Oh, no! It is nonsense to talk of it, while, if any one will go to Portsmouth, or Plymouth, when a fleet of men of war is going out, he will see a couple of hundred of subaltern blood-suckers, who wear long beards, that they may pass for Jews, selling guineas to the sailors at a price much higher than they have ever yet fetched in Smithfield market, and, by the means of which traffic, the poor fellows *lose a very considerable portion of their pay*. This is a very serious evil, and one, amongst thousands of others, that we owe to the terrible system of paper-money.—One of the wise men, who are writing upon the subject, in the news-papers aforementioned, says, that it is not the paper which has *depreciated*, but the guinea which has *risen*, in value. What a wise man! What a philosopher! So, because we can still get a loaf, at some rate or other, for the Thread-needle street money, that money has *not depreciated*; because it is not completely blown away, it is as good as it ever was! But, wise man, you should bear in mind, that the value is *relative* and not *positive*, and that, if the paper-money be not worth so much, in relation to the guinea, as it used to be, the paper-money *has depreciated*. The guinea is the standard; it is the *touch stone*; and, if the paper-money will not bear its touch, it is become debased.—*To a certain point the guinea will sink with the paper*, but it will go no farther. Whether it has already reached that point, I am not certain. I do not think it has *generally* and *decidedly*; because, if it had, we should *see more guineas*; and we should hear bargains openly made, making a distinction between prices in gold and prices in paper. The guineas disappear now, only because things are not *generally* come to this pass; because they have not their just value given them in our bargains: because they are insulted by the continual attempts which ignorance is making to keep them upon an equality with old rags mashed and printed into money. When they once come to be treated with proper respect and deference, they will, as the gold did in America and France, re-appear in abundance. At present they are gone, and appear to be fast going, upon their travels; but, it is surprizing how quickly they will flock back again, when once they find us generally disposed to treat them with becoming

distinction.—One of the philosophers, above referred to, has a remark, that paper is as good as gold, *as long as people have confidence in it*; aye, sure: and, *with the same proviso*, hairs out of a Hanoverian's whiskers are as good as paper. But, the fact is, that there are *events*, nay, mere rumours of events, arising from within or coming from without, any one of which would *destroy that confidence in the twinkling of an eye*; and would, of course, annihilate the paper-money; but no event, of any sort, however dreadful or calamitous, could either destroy, or lessen the value of, gold and silver; but, on the contrary, would, and must enhance their value; because it must be clear to every one, that, if the paper-money were annihilated, the guinea, which will now purchase only about five pecks of wheat, would purchase, perhaps, three bushels, as it did previous to Pitt's administration.—There is a passage in the Morning Chronicle of Wednesday, in a letter signed R, which passage I shall here insert, as well worthy of notice, particularly by *my* readers.—“The severity of the law, against the exportation of gold coin, prevents *any* one from openly selling bank-notes at a discount; not from any *delicacy*, as your correspondent supposes me to say, against doing an *immoral* or an unlawful act, but from the fear, that, as it is known that no one can purchase guineas, *but with a view to exportation*, he would become an object of suspicion,—he would be watched, and unable to effect his purpose. Repeal the law, and what can prevent an ounce of standard gold in guineas from selling *at as good a price as an ounce of Portugal coin*, when it is known to be rather superior to it in purity? And if an ounce of standard gold, in guineas, would sell in the market (as Portugal coin has lately done) at 4*l.* 13*s.* per oz. *how long would a shop-keeper sell his goods at the same price either for gold or bank notes indifferently?* The penalties of the law, therefore, have *degraded the few guineas in circulation to the value of the bank-notes*, but send them *abroad*, and they will purchase exactly what an equal quantity of Portugal coin will.”—This latter part of the paragraph says what I said about four years ago, and for saying which Mr. Sheridan attacked me by name in the House of Commons, while, “out of doors,” I was assaulted, by the whole gang of hirelings, as a wretch that aimed a blow at the vitals

of my country. Now, Mr. PERRY, pray show me, what right you have to publish such truths, any more than I had.—To be sure, if the guinea be “*degraded*,” no matter from what cause, it will not stay. It will go abroad, because it cannot get its value at home.—I am rather pleased at seeing the passage, because it has actually reached me since I wrote down to the very sentence, with which I have introduced it. I am pleased at it, because it is a proof, that there is a right way of thinking arising amongst us, as to this important matter, and because it affords room to hope, that the grand delusion is fast drawing to a close.—This writer, however, has his *remedy*, for which I am sorry, because he aids the delusion. He has a notion, that, by *diminishing the quantity of bank notes*, you would raise their value, and so *bring back the gold*. But, admitting that such would be the *effect*, would the *cause* produce no *other effect*?—Let us hear his own words:—“This is the temptation to their exportation, and operates the same as a demand from abroad. Our currency is already superfluous, and it is worse than useless to retain the guineas here. But diminish the currency by *calling in the excess of bank-notes*: make a *partial void*, as your correspondent justly observes was done in France and other countries, from the *annihilation of their paper-credit*, and what can prevent the effectual demand which would thereby be immediately created, from producing an *importation of gold*, and consequently a favourable exchange?”—The *other effect* which this diminution would produce would be this: that, *the country would have to pay much more than it now pays to the fund-holders*. Diminish the quantity of circulating medium, and you add to the value of what remains; so that the fund-holder, who now receives, in the name of a pound in money, about 15 quartern-loaves from the tax-payers in general, would, in that same pound, receive 20 or 30 quartern-loaves. Oh, no! There can be no *diminution* of the quantity of paper, which, on the contrary, must increase with the quantity of the taxes, and which, of course, must go on depreciating in value and *driving the guineas out of its society*, until the day comes, when that “*partial void*” in the currency, of which this writer speaks, shall take place. I do not, I must, however, confess, very clearly comprehend what is meant by the word “*partial*,” as here applied. He speaks of “*making a partial void*,”

“as was done in France and other countries, from the ANNIHILATION of their paper-credit.”—Zooks! a void indeed this would make; but, very far from being *partial*, I think. I will not, however, quarrel with the *name*: give me but the *thing*, and I care not how you name it.—But, is it not odd, that this writer should think of effecting, by the means of a *diminution* in the amount of the bank notes, that which, in France, it required an *annihilation* of paper-money to effect? As an argument of analogy this is certainly very deficient, and that, too, in the most essential point.—It is impossible to look at the state of the paper-money, and to consider its connection with what is called *the funds*, or *the stocks*, without feeling an anxious desire to warn people against the danger, nay, the ruin, to which, from a misunderstanding of the matter, many of them, with the best intentions, are daily exposing themselves, and many more of them are daily exposing their children.—When Pitt first became minister, a person, who received 5 pounds a year interest upon a certain quantity of stock, could buy about *two hundred quartern loaves* with it; but, that same person, with the same interest, upon the same stock, can now buy only about *seventy five quartern loaves*. Thus that person's income has sunk in *reality*, in the proportion of from 200 to 75, though it is *nominally* the same. And, indeed, we daily witness the melancholy effects of this depreciating power of paper-money, not payable in gold or silver. That the thing will go on thus, there can be no doubt. Ought not fathers and mothers, therefore, to reflect well, before they provide for their children's future support by vesting property in what is called *the funds*, or, by some, *the stocks*? There are numerous persons, whose income arises from this source, where the kindness of parents has placed it by way of *security*; but, surely, living parents ought to take warning from the fate of those children, whose fortunes were vested in the funds only a few years ago, and many of whom, able then to keep their carriages upon their incomes, are now scarcely able to keep a single servant of any sort or size. But, this is not all. It is not a *regular annual diminution of fortune* only that such parents ought to dread, in behalf of their children (which, however, no parent has a *right* to bequeath to his child); there is the further danger of a total *annihilation* of the *fortune*; for, the fact is, that *the funds*

are the bank notes, and the bank notes are the funds. From every person, who is possessed of a stock certificate, the government has, directly or indirectly, borrowed so much money. Well, what does it give as a security for the payment of the interest? Why, this same certificate. Well, and of what use is the certificate? Why, it enables the holder of it to go and draw the interest. Well, and whither does he go to get the interest? Why, to the bank in Threadneedle street. Well, and what sort of money is he paid the interest in? Why, *the paper-money, printed at that place*.—Well, then, is not here the whole thing complete? And, if any event were to destroy the paper money, would not the certificate of such stock-holder be worth less than the bit of paper upon which I am now writing?—Fathers and mothers; all those who have fortunes to leave; all those who have provision to make for children, relations, or friends, should duly consider these things.—For the same reason, people should avoid *annuities* as much as possible, the *nominal* amount being always the same, in such cases, whatever may be the depreciation in the real value. If, for instance, an annuity were now granted of a hundred a year, in twenty years time (things proceeding as they have done) it would not be worth above forty pounds a year. The life insurance offices must gain immensely from this cause. In this case, indeed, and in the case of a grant or settlement upon *private* property, the chances may be said to be reciprocal; because, though the paper-money be annihilated, and money, of course, *augmented* in value, the annuity must still be paid in its nominal amount. I must confess, however, that I do not think, that this *could* be, and, if it could, it ought not; for, certainly the party granting or settling never could count upon any such change, if he had, it is clear he would have provided against it. In the case, therefore, of an annihilation of the paper-money, the law must come and fix upon a mode of doing justice between the annuitant and the party who had to pay the annuity. This, too, must be the case with respect to *rents* and other payments, arising from contracts of a similar nature. Nor, can I help thinking, that very great injustice was done to landlords, mortgagees, and others, having permanent nominal demands upon real property; I cannot help thinking, that great injustice was done to them, when the act was passed, to protect

the Bank in Thread-needle street, against those, who demanded, or might demand, gold in exchange for its promissory notes. This act produced a depreciation of money, which has ever since been going regularly on. Of course, the landlord, who had then let a farm for *a hundred pounds* a year, now gets less for it than he then did. The fact is, that, though *nomi- nally* the same, the *real* amount is not now above two thirds of what it was then. So that, this act of protection for the Thread-needle street Bank, did, in reality, produce a violation of the contract between the landlord and the tenant, to the very great injury of the former, and, if he let a 21 year's lease, to something very little short of his ruin. This act ought to have provided for the due fulfilment of all *contracts* then existing, by enabling the claimant parties to demand payment in gold which they cannot now do, or, at least, they cannot legally *enforce* their demand, in the same way as they could have done before that act was passed.—Here again it may be said, that the chances are *reciprocal*; but, no; for, depend upon it, that if the value of money was to take so sudden a rise (as it inevitably would upon an annihilation of the paper-money) as to sink wheat from 30*l.* to 10*l.* a load, a law would be passed, and a law, indeed, must be passed, to restore leases to the spirit of their covenants. For these reasons, all those who have lands to let, and who think it beneficial to let leases for any number of years, should follow the example of LORD MALMSBURY, who (I am told so, at least), lets all his lands upon a *corn-rent*; that is to say, he covenants to receive in each year, *the market price, of that year, of so many quarters of wheat*, for each farm. Nothing can be more fair or satisfactory than this mode to both parties. Neither, as far as this transaction between them goes, need care what is the price of wheat, or what the state of the currency. The one is sure to receive the *real* amount of his rent, and the other to pay no more than the real amount of it, from the one end of the lease to the other. And, there is this peculiar excellence in it, that the amount which the tenant has to pay must always keep an exact proportion to his means of paying; and, on the side of the landlord, in dear years he receives more, in cheap years less; so that even his income too is proportioned to his necessary expenditure.—So much for *Jacobin Guineas*. They have led us into

a long string of desultory remarks, which, however, must, one of these days, become interesting to every soul in the kingdom. —As to the "*remedies*" for depreciation, for the buying up and exporting of guineas, they are all imaginary. There is no remedy. The thing must go on, and will go on, as irresistibly as the bills of mortality; and, I should think, that to convince any one that no diminution in the quantity of the Bank notes can take place, it is only necessary to point out, that one effect of such diminution would be *to augment the real amount of the taxes, now paid to the fund-holders*, unless, indeed, such person supposes, that the nation has not yet got taxes enough to pay.

THE WHIGS are all alive, apparently, upon the prospect of some change in the ministry. I can say nothing new upon the subject, and shall only repeat my wish, that *no change whatever may take place*.

WM. COBBETT.

Botley, Thursday, 21 Sept. 1809.

TO

SAMUEL WHITBREAD, Esq. M.P.

"Quand les sauvages de la Louisiane veulent
"avoir du fruit, ils coupent l'arbre au pied et
"cueillent le fruit. Voilà le gouvernement despo-
"tique."
MONTESQUIEU.

"In quo lapsa consuetudo deflexit de via, sen-
"simque eo deducta est, ut honestatem ab utilitate
"secernens et constitueret, honestum esse aliquid,
"quod utile non esset, et utile, quod non honestum:
"qua nulla perniciēs major hominum vitæ potuit
"afferri."
CIC. DE OFF. Lib. ii. Cap. 3.

SIR;

I address this Letter to you, because I entertain a very high opinion of your talents, and give you credit for as much rectitude and consistency in your political conduct, as, in my opinion, most of our legislators can fairly lay claim to. With respect to your private character, I have heard it well, and never ill, spoken of. This with me is an important consideration, in estimating the patriotic professions of any public man. I shall, therefore, venture to assume, that you are not vulnerable in the latter, or, I think, the patriotism of our friend John Bowles would not have with-held from the public the benefit of exposure. We all recollect his laudable industry, in collecting anecdotes of the late Duke of Bedford, in which his zeal was not the less conspicuous, because he happened to be too much in haste to ascertain the truth of what he published,

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and therefore propagated scandal founded on positive falsehood.

The cause I now write to you, is my happening to see your name mentioned in the preface of a pamphlet, which the lacquies of the Treasury are circulating with prodigious activity, under the title of "Elements of Reform, by Wm. Cobbett;" this work consisting, as no doubt, you know, of quotations from his former, and intended to counteract the effect of his present, writings. This is a wretched miserable attempt at delusion; for what can be so ridiculous, as to oppose self-evident truths, such as nine-tenths of the nation now feel an entire conviction of, by what either Mr. Cobbett, or any other person, formerly said, or thought about them? What an opinion these impostors must have of the understanding of those that they expect to delude by such despicable means!! But, be their opinion of them what it may, it certainly is quite favourable enough, if they can find heads so shallow, as to become the dupes of this trick. In the preface, to which I have adverted, you will perceive the honourable mention made of your recent political conduct, which, it appears, has so dreadfully alarmed and offended the whole venal tribe, that you are denounced, or rather "stand convicted" of all crimes united in one; that of associating with such men as Sir Francis Burdett, and some others of the same stamp. What, Sir, will you go so desperate a length, as to identify yourself, regardless of all party, and selfish views, with those who, like Sir Francis, have pursued an undeviating line of public duty, actuated alone by an inflexible attachment to the true principles of the British Constitution? If you have so made up your mind, I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart; for I do not think you can better evince your probity, certainly not, the soundness of your discretion; for unless I most amazingly mistake the fearful signs of the times in which we live, it is only common sense for men, situated as you are, to afford, while they have an opportunity of doing so, the most unequivocal demonstrations of patriotism. When the crisis which evidently is approaching, arrives (and which may be as sudden, as it is inevitable,) I should not choose to be in the number of the mock-patriots, who will have to face the resentment of an indignant injured nation. Perhaps I shall be told this is language calculated to inflame

the public mind. My talents are not of that order, as to effect any such mighty achievements. But, Sir, if the causes of discontent were either few, or unsubstantial in their nature, I should defy any language however forcible, any eloquence however brilliant, indeed I should completely defy the united artillery of the Press and of the Forum, to excite any thing like serious commotion, or even disaffection in the British nation. What do you, or can any rational man suppose, is the cause that the popularity of Sir Francis Burdett is steadily increasing, among all ranks in this country, opposed as he uniformly has been, by all the opprobrium and misrepresentation that enraged venality and corruption can possibly assail him with? Sir Francis might as well preach to the winds, if the melancholy evils he so feelingly deplures, and earnestly labours to avert from the country, had not found their way to Englishmen's firesides. Perhaps it is quite superfluous for me, on the present occasion, to offer any new argument on the momentous subject of Parliamentary Reform. So long, however, as common sense and common honesty, have any thing to do with human institutions, I cannot help believing that the plain English of Sir Francis Burdett will be much better understood than the metaphysical subtleties of Mr. Windham. If the latter gentleman really does consider, as he is reported to have expressed himself, that those who are asking for Reform, are either "dupes or knaves," what must be thought of the debased condition of human nature; what, in particular, of the state of society and morals in this country; when it is contended that political turpitude, that detected fraud, rapine and corruption in every department, civil and military, had better remain with impunity, than to risk a practical recurrence to those principles, upon which, all the best authorities have uniformly maintained, that, both the safety and splendour of the monarchy, as well as the liberties and prosperity of the people, essentially rest? Surely it is too much to expect the acquiescence of the people in a state of things, which is at open war with the immutable principles of truth and justice; which is as vicious in practice, as it is in theory; which is directly subversive of the foundation of parliament; which, in short, is calculated to confound all distinction of right and wrong, by converting what we still deno-

minate the representatives of the people, into an assembly, of which the great majority are as much at the disposal of the Borough-Mongers, as absolute sovereignty on one side, and unconditional submission on the other, can place them. This is the state of things that we are either "fools or knaves" for opposing; this is the state of things, which, after having created such imminent dangers even to the independence of the country, in addition to the sufferings of the great body of the people, we are not to deem susceptible of any remedy!! It is this state of things (Oh God! the heart sickens at such revolting, impudent profligacy) that has stimulated some men to proclaim the "necessity of making a stand against popular encroachments."—I observed that Mr. Wilberforce, in a late debate, was reported to declare that the people of this country never more fully enjoyed the blessings of the British constitution than at present. Mr. Wilberforce may as well be superficial on this subject, as on any other. There are, however, unfortunately, such immense numbers among us, over whose minds Mr. Wilberforce has peculiar influence, that I lament the share he contributes to the general delusion. This delusion has been our deadly enemy. Good heavens! how many millions of our own money does it yearly cost us to pay those whose business it absolutely is to impose upon our understandings; to incessantly labour to establish a settled notion in the public mind that there is nothing radically wrong in the conduct of our affairs; that the sacrifices we make are positively unavoidable, that the Income and other war taxes are indispensable for the maintenance of the contest with France, and, consequently, for the preservation of our lives and liberties, indeed of all that is dear to us: whereas, I am as well convinced as I am of my existence, that all our danger, whether of subjugation to a foreign yoke, or of real unqualified despotism at home, arises from the continuance of those taxes which are asserted to be necessary for averting such calamities. Why, these taxes are a real positive curse; a millstone about the neck of the country. In the laudable work of imposing upon public credulity, I perceive Mr. Tierney has been assisting with all his might; and if any thing could astonish me, it is the assurance with which this gentleman appears to have attacked Mr. Wardle, on a recent occasion, in which he is reported to

have ironically expressed the prodigious pleasure he felt, and in which he presumed the Chancellor of the Exchequer would participate, at the discovery, by Mr. Wardle, that the INCOME TAX might be immediately got rid of by a Reform of Parliament. I know, Sir, that the party always felt a little shyness of this Mr. Tierney: you, perhaps, remember an inscription upon the back of a certain portrait which never ought to have been honoured with the station it occupied "vix ———."—Look here now! have we not a pretty sample of a consistent, firm, honest, patriot, such as this Mr. Tierney is so kind as to tell us he is!! Who would believe, without having witnessed the fact, that such was the professed abhorrence, in which the Income Tax was held by this indignant senator, that no real, or pretended exigencies of the state could ever tolerate its adoption? It was not on *any terms* to be endured by Englishmen, because it was not only dreadfully partial in its operation, but contrary to all the acknowledged principles of legitimate taxation: it was not only a most grievous additional burthen to a nation already groaning under the load of taxes, but absolutely a direct attack on the independence, domestic happiness, and constitutional rights of Englishmen. All this, and much more, appeared from time to time, in the reports of the speeches of this honourable; *right honourable*, gentleman, I should say. Nay, this Mr. Tierney was so determined in his opposition to the Income Tax, that the author of it was never to be at rest, for he promised to make a stand against it, as often as the forms of the house would admit of. Now, who would have supposed, that the complete conversion of this patriot was just on the point of taking place? Behold! he very soon stepped into office, to which I have not the smallest doubt his eyes were, and still remain, piously directed; and, no sooner had he passed the threshold, than he set all his ingenuity to work: What to do, Sir, think you? Why to make up, as he amply did, for Pitt's deficiency of invention, by rendering this (as he called it) "scourge," this "torture," this "inquisition," this "unpardonable insult" "to the liberties of the people of England," beyond comparison more efficient than the latter had been able to do. Suppose Mr. Wardle, instead of condescending to reply to his sneers in any other way, had insisted, in the name of the people of Eng-

land, on the necessity of immediately repealing this Tax, resting his demand solely on the foundation of Mr. Tierney's former arguments against its adoption; namely, that it was oppressive, vexatious, partial, and unjust: are not these as good reasons for the repeal as they were against its adoption? Pray, Sir, can you imagine, can the utmost refinement of injustice furnish any thing more repugnant, not merely to the excellence of the constitution, but to what is much more intelligible, that obvious principle of ethics: doing unto others as we would be done unto; than a Tax upon Income, which takes equally from the same amount, without regard either to the nature of such Income, or the ability or inability to pay it? For instance, one person has a precarious income, of which the whole is unavoidably consumed for the absolute subsistence of a large family; and, I think it will not be denied by many, that the expenditure itself is taxed in one way or another quite enough: another has an income of the same amount, let us say 200*l.*, derived from real property, without any one but himself to support.—In a second letter, I shall endeavour to demonstrate to you, what I wonder any one doubts, not only the safety and practicability, but also the absolute necessity, of an immediate reduction of the taxes, and a recurrence to the sound maxims of our ancestors, beginning with the extirpation of all the dangerous monopolies in the country, and especially of the Bank restriction, the parent of them all, which Bank ought to be immediately compelled to resume its payments in specie, and, at least, reduced to the purposes of its original establishment. If any proof of this is wanting, look at the course of exchange, which is now upwards of 20 per cent against us, and at the rate we are going on, we are in a hopeful way of sinking the pound sterling, to the value of a French livre, as I recollect a friend of mine emphatically saying, when the suspension of payment, in specie, at the Bank, first commenced, would be the final result of that wretched, short-sighted, contemptible expedient. Surely, the unaccountable infatuation of my countrymen, cannot remain much longer proof against the stubborn evidence of facts!! The bubble, and a very empty one it is, of our commercial greatness, aye, or as some call it, the "commerce of the whole world," will soon burst. What can have become of the sense of Englishmen, when they

hear, without reflecting on the cause, that guineas are bought up with avidity in Smithfield market, at the rate of 23 or 24 shillings each: when they hear, that they are worth 26 or 27 shillings on the continent? Unless the very nature of things has changed, and first principles become a chimera, not only in morals and politics, but also in common arithmetic, our situation demonstrates one of two evils: either our pretended commercial prosperity is a complete deception, and we are obliged to import from the continent to a most alarming extent beyond the value of our exports, or our Bank notes, if not nominally so here, are not the less, in reality, at an enormous discount. No sophistry can do away this plain deduction.

I am, Sir, &c.

An ENGLISHMAN
of the Old School.

OFFICIAL PAPERS.

Proclamation of Marshal Augereau, Duke of Castiglione, &c. to the Inhabitants of Catalonia. Dated Perpignan, July 2.—(Continued from p. 384.)

Errors and faults shall meet with indulgence: moderation, loyalty, and fidelity may be secure of our aid; but let perfidy fear and tremble. But obstinate rebels, the evil-minded, who blow up the flames of dissension, shall meet with no pardon. The lightning is ready to fall on their heads.—Erring citizens, return to your hearths; artisans, resume your labours and useful pursuits; good villagers, quit the sword; take once more the plough in your hand; come and cultivate in peace and repose the inheritance of your fathers; hasten to fertilise those fields which have been too long deserted: and you, ye faithful Spaniards, come and receive the happy fruits and rewards of your fidelity. Join your voice to ours; call to those unhappy wretches your brethren who are led astray; tell them that we love them, that Napoleon will forget their errors and their faults; and that your felicity will be the constant object of his concern as your parent; tell these wandering brethren, that they will ever find me ready to carry their cries to the foot of that Monarch's throne, who is the friend of truth; that they may depend on the protection of our arms, which, formidable against rebels and the ill-disposed, however numerous, will ever be the defenders of the faithful citizen; and that we will avenge offences committed against

them; but tell them at the same time, and above all things, that mercy has its limits, and that, at length, the day of vengeance will come. A powerful army is dispersed throughout your territory; a formidable army is coming, and woe to him that shall dare to resist me; for I shall then hearken only to a just indignation, a most just rage, and none of you will escape a terrible vengeance.—Saragossa is yet smoking; and you, ye towns of Catalonia, who please, or dare, to follow its example, behold its ashes, its ruins—tremble. AUGEREAU.

EXPEDITION TO HOLLAND.—*From the London Gazette of Sept. 2, 1809.*—(Continued from p. 350.)

Extract of a Letter from rear-admiral sir Rich. John Strachan, bart. k. b. to the hon. William Wellesley Pole, dated on board his majesty's ship the St. Domingo, off Batz, the 25th Aug. 1809.

I have now to acquaint you, for their lordships' information, that the flat-boats of every description of vessels being assembled, and every necessary arrangement made on the part of the navy, for landing the army near Sandfleet, on the beach, which had been previously reconnoitred, and not hearing from the earl of Chatham respecting his intentions, I communicated with his lordship on the 24th inst. and on the following day I found his lordship had not come to a determination, on account of the increased force of the enemy, and the army getting sickly, and that he had sent for generals to consult; I therefore, on the morning of the 20th, wrote to his lordship, and I soon after went on shore to the meeting of the lieutenant-generals of the army, taking with me rear-admiral sir Richard Keats. I found them decidedly of opinion that no operation could be undertaken against Antwerp, with any prospect of success, at this advanced season of the year, and the enemy increasing in strength, and our own forces diminished by sickness; and that, as the taking of Lillo and Liefkenshoeik would not ensure our obtaining the ultimate object of the expedition, without Antwerp being reduced, and the country near these fortresses being inundated, it was also their decided opinion, that the army ought not to make any attempt upon them.—I had already, in the most unqualified manner, offered every naval assistance to reduce these fortresses, and also in aid of every other

operation of the army.—Conceiving the subject of the deliberations of the generals perfectly military, I withdrew with sir Richard Keats. The ships of the enemy, which were above the town of Antwerp, about five miles, have come down, and are now extended along the river face of it, except two of the line lower down, in the reach above Liefkenshoeik—and four frigates went to Lillo. An immense number of small gun-boats are on the boom; behind them a crescent of sixty gun and mortar-brigs. The battery between Lillo and Frederick Hendrick is finished; it has ten guns. The enemy has been driven from that which he has constructed on the Doel side with loss, by the fire of our bombs and gun-vessels.

DUTCH ACCOUNTS. — *Dated Amsterdam, Sept. 11.*—*The following Reports have been received from Marshal Dumonceau, Commander-in-Chief of the Dutch Army in Brabant and Zealand:—*

Sire; The infantry under my command arrived here yesterday evening, at five, (at Wemeldinge), and immediately afterwards a battalion of chasseurs proceeded to Ter Goes, which the enemy had left at eight the preceding morning. To-day lieut.-gen. Bruno took the following position: the 3d regiment of the line is at Wemeldinge, and watches the enemy's movements in Ketten, and the whole line along the East Scheldt before Kallendyke; the 2d regiment possesses the town of Ter Goes, and has the guard of North Beveland, with two companies of chasseurs; the 1st regiment of chasseurs occupies Neer-Arendschurch, Nisse, and Baarland; guards the Sloe, and the whole east coast of the Scheldt, from the Sloe to Hoedkenschurch; the lieut.-gen. Bruno has fortified himself at Ter Goes; the hussars are to take a position in the district of Ter Goes; and the whole line of fore-posts is filled with numerous patrols; while the artillery shall be quartered in reserve behind Ter Goes; the fortress of Bathz is occupied by the 6th regiment. The enemy has not yet evacuated Walcheren, but every thing announces that he will not delay in abandoning Zealand; for he does not work at the batteries, and it is imagined that he is embarking his heavy baggage.

(To be continued.)